

Homunculus:  
OR, THE  
C H A R A C T E R  
O F  
M E Z E R E O N,  
The High-GERMAN Doctor.  
A N  
Hudibraſtick POEM.

B Y

*Van Hugo Gaſſer Lunatus.*

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*Ecce iterum Crispinus*——

So all Impoſtors, when they're known,  
Are paſt their Labour, and Undone;  
They turn ſtark Fools, and Subjects fit  
For Sport of Boys, and Rabble Wit.

*Hudibras.*

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L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by EDM. POWELL at the *Prince's Arms* in  
*Black-fryars* near *Ludgate*, 1715.

Price three Pence.

# Hominulus: OF THE CHA R A C T E R OF M E X I C O

The High-German Doctor.

Hudibrasick POEM.

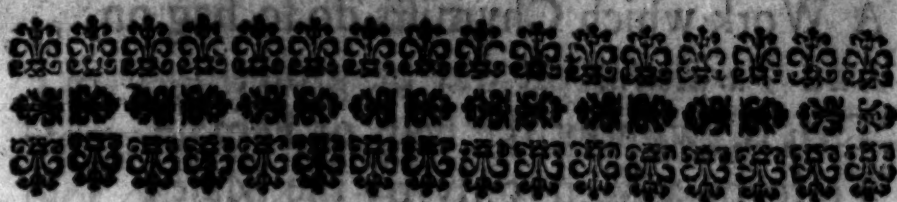
BY

Van Hugo Casper Lammens.



For sport of boys, and Rabble Wile  
 They turn their heads, and gape at  
 Are fast their lips, and Undone;  
 So all impostors, as they're known

Printed and sold by John Pownall, at the Theatre Royal in  
 Black-Jack near Longgate. 1717.  
 Price three Pence.



Homunculus:  
OR, THE  
CHARACTER  
OF  
MEZEREON, &c.



*I* S *Justice* Dead, or gone Astray?  
Or is she Blind, and lost her  
(Way?  
Are all our Grave Historians  
(Dead?  
If not, I think they're Damn'd Ill-bred,  
To suffer such a wond'rous Work,  
Never reveal'd to *Jew* or *Turk*,  
To scape the stroak of Learned Pen,  
Or making *H---ck* Denizen;

A Work which Chymists do so hag on,  
 And *Paracelsus* oft did brag on;  
 That is, without the help of Female,  
 To form a Man only by the Male;  
 Though he, and his *Spagyrick* Brother,  
 About this thing did make a Pother,  
 And Swore by *Hermes* he cou'd do it,  
 If any time he was put to it;  
 Yet he, with's Man begot in Glass,  
 To us wou'd now be but an Ass;  
 Since in this Age from Holy Scrubb,  
 From Stewing House, and Powd'ring Tubb,  
 From sweet Mercurial Holy Unction,  
 Joyn'd with Deserted Sacred Function;  
 From the parch'd Bowels of Venereal,  
 A thing proceeds that's so Ætherial;  
 From *Buboes*, *Shankers*, or *Cordee*,  
 A Monstrous Witt thus fram'd we see;  
 Who never knew what 'twas to pun,  
 Till he his Sweating Course begun;  
 Till by the Virtuous *Calomel*,  
 His Holy Chops began to swell;  
 It was the Individual time,  
 That since has made him so Sublime;  
 The Virtue of that Noble Dose,  
 Has e'er since made him so Jocosé;

This

This Noble Cleansing Salivation,  
 Has made a thorough Reformation,  
 Not only did Reform, but added  
 New Sense and Wisdom to his Bad-head,  
 So that it quite Transmogrify'd him,  
 And gave, what *Jove* before deny'd him;  
 The Virtue of Venereal Pus,  
 Perfected the *Homunculus*.  
 How Venerable ought we then,  
 T<sup>r</sup> account the Sudorifick Ken;  
 Since by the *Sputum* Spitting Pot,  
 Is so perform'd the Lord knows what,  
 A thing brought forth, that's more than Man,  
 And who do more than Mortal can;  
 But as the Virtue of his Satyr,  
 Is not a thing produc'd by Nature,  
 And therefore knows it is not lasting,  
 Is often of its Virtues tasting;  
 For that his Magick may not fail,  
 He Yearly Powders up his Tail,  
 With *Venus* shot, as thick as Hail;  
 Finding it's Virtues so prevailing,  
 It Palliates still; tho' always ailing.  
 One Dose will make him Squirt and Pua,  
 Like Madman from his Senses run;

But to go on with the History,  
 And to recite *Mezereon's* Glory,  
 His Noble, Fine, Bombastick Pieces,  
 All Nibbl'd at, as Rats do Cheeses;  
 We must begin the Transmutation,  
 Describing the vast Alteration.

As soon as out of Powd'ring Tub,  
 In Bagnio he his A---se did Rub;  
 But somewhat more, being Detected,  
 Finding himself not quite Perfected,  
 Betook himself again to Cottage,  
 Quite to take off his human Dotage.  
 After he had his Course renew'd,  
 And had the second time been Stew'd,  
 Having ta'en off that Mortal Curse,  
 Which had a little sunk his Purse;  
 Tho', often-times, such a Disaster,  
 Serves better than Experienc'd Master;  
 As here we in our Heroe find,  
 It prov'd to be of the same kind;  
 When Fortify'd in such a manner,  
 With Courage he Displays he Banner.  
 Then 'twas that first our new-form'd Creature,  
 Began t'appear upon the Theatre;

Ad.

Advent'rous he, *Ponteu's* like,  
 Brandishes near his Master's Pike;  
 Quite Casting off the Sacred Black,  
 And setting up for *German-Quack*;  
 He in short-time became a Noted  
 Man, for his Skill, was often Quoted,  
 Giving out, by his Printed Lectures,  
 He Lov'd no Kings, but Lords-Protectors,  
 To whom he oft his Faith had plighted,  
 Before the Step to be Mob-Knighted.

'Twas Chance that did the Imp produce,  
 The Holy Order to Abuse;  
 So then we cou'd expect no other,  
 But that he'd make a Cursed Pother,  
 And, if he'd any, Curse his Mother;  
 Was always bent against the Gown,  
 And then ascended to the Crown.  
 The Spagyrist, *Francisco* Mitre,  
 Is Theam to this Invidious Writer,  
*Apollo's* Son, and Rightful Heir,  
 With whom no *Whig* dares to compare;  
 Bred up in *Æsulapian* Notions,  
 Free from Enthusiastick Motions;  
 A *Ratcliff* always to b'admir'd,  
 Thrice worthy still to be desir'd,

The

The next he Spits his Venom on,  
 Is that great Soul, *Hypericon* ;  
 Loyally True in all his Trust,  
 Faithful, Discreet, Learn'd, Wise, and Just.  
 The next, Sir *Simon* Sublimate,  
 That Honourable Man in State,  
 Partakes of his Infernal Hate,  
 Great *Polychrest*, in Art Excelling,  
 Is in his Profligate Libelling ;  
 An Artist in Ophthalmick Cures,  
 And all the Hurts the Eye endures ;  
 An Enemy to *Galenism*,  
 A stiff Opposer of vile *Schism* ;  
 From this Place to the *Aequinox*,  
 There's not a better Orthodox ;  
 Yet this Fiend of *Helliopolis*,  
 This Venerable Soul does Hiss.  
 He makes the Church no more than Stable,  
 And Holy Ordes but a Fable ?  
 He Damns the Writ, tho' he's ne'er seen it,  
 And Swears by *Styx*, there's nothing in it.  
 Nor can his Quibbling Puns stop here,  
 His Bombast climbs another Sphere ;  
 The Great *Leonia's* Princely Urn,  
 Suffers his Censures in it's turn ;

That

That Noble and Angelick Soul,  
 He with Aspersions oft does foul;  
 Though Her most Bright Immortal Name,  
 Is *Æra* to Eternal Fame,  
*Maugre* the most Malicious Puns,  
 Of th' Eldest of the Spit-pot Sons.

But now, with Railings tyr'd, begins  
 To set his Money-Catching Gins,  
 Being Arm'd with Royal Gin and Stingo,  
 To Rarifie his Punning Lingo,  
 To Stimulate his Drowsy Brain,  
 His Bombast better to maintain;  
 Looking as Fierce as *John a Gaunt*,  
 Or Badger risen from his Haunt;  
 Having from Mob receiv'd his Fees,  
 For some few Rustick Repartees,  
 That is, a Merry Fit of Laughter,  
 Well Coin'd by *Moggy* and her Daughter;  
 Here is, says he, *Panchymagogan*,  
 Richly prepar'd by *Hogan Mogan*,  
 Lately brought o'er by me from *Bog-land*,  
 Approv'd of every where in *Hogland*;  
 It to a wonder doth prevent,  
 All the Diseases incident  
 To *Gnats*, *Hobgoblins*, *Flies* or *Whigs*,  
 Or any Symptomack Twigs,

C

That

That follow *Pox*, *Itch*, *Scurvy*, *Gout*,  
 It Safely drives the *Venom* out ;  
 It in a Moment does the Work,  
 It Cures your Ills, Sir, with a Jerk,  
 As many *Pismires* oft have try'd,  
 Therefore it cannot be Deny'd.  
 Next comes the Noble *Antidotum*,  
 Pleasant to take in all your *Potum*,  
 A Gals like *Aphrodisiacum*,  
 Which if they're Dead, to live 'twill make 'em.  
 Next Flourish you've *Pandora's Box*,  
 A Cure for *Pestilence* or *Pox*.  
*Catholicon*, the best *Cathartic*,  
 The like not known, from *North* to t' *Antartic*;  
 Whereas *Gambouge* and *Pois'nous Spurge*,  
 Are Chief Ingredients in the *Purge*.  
 Next this *Circumforaneous Jargon*,  
 There's Box of *Balsam* in the Bargain,  
 Fit and Convenient for all Uses,  
 Or *Canting Strains*, or *Holy Bruises*.  
 But what excels in Strength the rest,  
 Whose Virtues cannot be Exprest,  
 Is an *Opthalmick* for the Sight,  
 It makes *Light* *Darkness*, and *Day* *Night* ;  
 For Poor three half Pence all you have,  
 Boxt up in *Querpo* by this Knave.

Then

Than fills his Mob Auditors Ears,  
 With Tales of Sphinxes, Dogs and Bears;  
 Swears that he's oft been in the Moon,  
 Recover'd *Luna* from a Swoon;  
 With thousand other Lies and Stories,  
 And all to prejudice the *Tories*;  
 Dispersing out his Medly Jumble,  
 For which down heads and tails they tumble;  
 So that, in short, good store of Pelf,  
 Is gather'd by this Smooth-tongu'd Elf.  
 The ~~Whigs~~, like Desperadoes, full  
 Of Faction's Lectures, swear their Cull,  
 Is more than Demigod, his Parts  
 Being beyond all Human Arts.  
 When as, as soon as second Sighted  
 Monsieur *Orlando* is Alighted  
 From off his Fabrick, strait he goes,  
 To fasten on his Artful Nose;  
 From thence to his old Habitation,  
 To undergo a Salivation,  
 To make him fit to Cheat the Nation.

### M O R A L.

*What Man of Sense wou'd prejudice himself,  
 So far, to seem much worse than Stygian Elf?*  
 And

And who can but account that Man a Fool,  
 Who sets himself up for a Faction's Tool?  
 T'infuse ill Principles into the People,  
 And build the Church, by pulling down the Steeple?  
 Yet, Great Apollo, thus it is I find,  
 That the poor Animals, to Reason Blind,  
 Poison their Purses, and Inflame their Mind.



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**F I N I S**

